In Memoriam

King Edward VII

Services Held in

Trinity Church, New York

Friday, May 20th, 1910

Three O'clock P. M.

Order of Service

Opening Voluntary, "Funeral March," *Chopin*

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. *St. John* xi. 25, 26.

I KNOW that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. *Job* xix. 25, 26, 27.

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD. 1 *Tim.* vi. 7. *Job* i. 21.

Psalm xxxix, ... *Felton*

LORD, let me know mine end, and the number of my days: that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope: truly my hope is even in thee.

Deliver me from all mine offences: and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, and with thine ears consider my calling: hold not thy peace at my tears;

For I am stranger with thee, and a sojourner: as all my fathers were.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength: before I go hence, and be no more seen.

Psalm xc, ... *Goss-Beethoven*

LORD, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in thy displeasure: and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee: and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For when thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

O teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Lesson, . I. Corinthians xv, verse 20.

Anthem, . . Psalm xxiii, verse 4, . . *Barnes*

YEA, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.

Apostles Creed and Prayers.

Organ Solo, . Dead March from "Saul," . *Handel*

Anthem, ... *Croft*

MAN, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased? Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

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The Lord be with you
Answer. And with Thy spirit
Minister. Let us Pray.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Answer. Christ, have mercy upon us
Minister. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Closing Prayers.

BENEDICTION

Recessional Hymn. . . St. Ann's, . . *Croft*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Closing Voluntary. "Funeral March", *Beethoven*